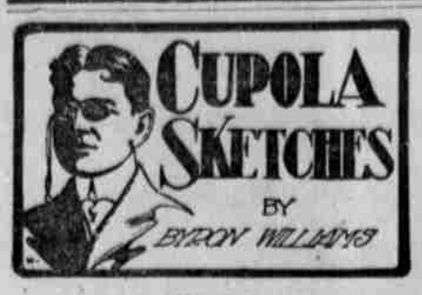


Married.

Fold summer gowns and place
In scented, cedar chest,
The screen door waist and skirt,
The hose and all the rest!

Hunt madly through the house
For furs and heavy wraps,
Shake moth-balls from the folds
And find the winter caps!

Bring on the thread and cloth,
The sewing girl and shears;
Get busy with the stuff
And spurn your hubby's sneers!

The time of year has come
When you must spend a lot,
For when you come out new
Your clothes must touch the spot!

How can I joke and sing—
Of this, light verses make,
When even now my purse
Is flattened like a (pan) cake?

Four eagles for a hat,
Twelve dollars for some braid,
Five extra belts at ten—
How can I stand the raid?

Six twenties for the silk,
A couple more for shoes—
No wonder that a man
Is cross and gets the blues!

So fold the gowns and lace,
Put filmy things away,
Just spend and sew and rip,
And I the bills will pay!

A Perilous Ride.

It was just too lovely and romantic for anything! For two long, beautiful weeks of glorious summer weather, Bings and his wife floated down the Wisconsin river in a great, roomy boat, camping, fishing and foraging to vary the outing.

By day birds sang to them from the leafy banks, minnows darted past in the ripples, and the nodding flowers along the brink made the voyage a fairy-like drift through a veritable Eden.

And on moonlight nights, when the stillness was heavenly, when the starry skies added their poetic fancies, when the soft and subtle moon shed its effulgent glow in streaks across the way, it was like floating in a dream down a river of silver!

Arriving at their little flat, after it was all over except the telling, they retired, weary, but enthusiastic.

Yet tired as they were the psychological hallucination of drifting, drifting, drifting pervaded their dreams. Strangely both seemed affected. Bings tu ned restlessly in his sleep and his half-open eyes set his quasi-drowsy brain to strange nautical rambling. Through the window the moon was shining in reflected rays upon the plate glass in the mirrored dresser. To his befuddled brain this was naught else than moonlight on the water—and he drifted!

At this juncture Mrs. Bings cried out wildly in her sleep:

"Dear, the rocks! The rocks! Push off the rocks! Oh, can't you stop us? Quick! The rocks!"

Bings was prompt in action. In his semi-awakened state, he exerted wonderful strength, and shoved against the wall until the be-castored bed made a sharp move to free itself from the rapids below.

The movement awakened them both.

"Oh, mercy! what foolishness!" gasped Mrs. Bings, "here we are at home in our own little bed!"

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed Bings, "if we haven't a bad case of the bug."

Then he got up, shoved the bed back against the "rocks" and got back into the "boat" again.

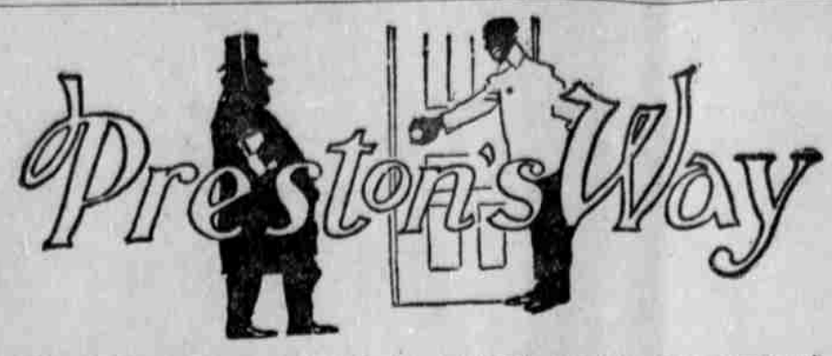
When telling of their visit to the Dells of Wisconsin, this is an omitted chapter—except to most intimate friends.

Very Exclusive.

They do strange things out in Washington sometimes. At Harrington two bachelor chums went visiting, and while absent one of them, renouncing bohemianism and celibacy, was secretly married. The bride and groom reached home first and retired in the bachelor apartments which the two chums had occupied in common. In the night the remaining bachelor returned and entering prepared for rest. Hearing his friend peacefully sleeping he decided to get into bed without a light. The results were somewhat exciting, but after the fire brigade had

NOT HIS WEDDING.

responded and the town marshal had calmed the excited neighborhood, the bride and groom continued to be so exclusive the bachelor had to hunt another couch on which to court Morpheus that night. Now what do you think of that?



The way Preston entered the judge's service was this: As everybody knows, the judge is not an enthusiast for outdoor sports. The only physical exercise he allows himself is horseback riding.

He used to own a particularly fine Kentucky saddle horse, one of the rocking chair gaited sort and a showy animal besides. One morning he was pacing along the Lake Shore drive when a middle-aged colored man who had been stretched on the grass beneath one of the trees got up suddenly and stood bareheaded in the bridle path before him.

"Mawnin', suh," said the man with a pleasant show of his white teeth.

"Good morning," returned the judge. "What can I do for you?"

"It suhtenly is a fine mawnin'," said the man, with a low, melodious chuckle.

"Excuse me, suh," he continued, "but I wus noticin' dat hawss yo' is ridin'. Dat sho'ly is, er fine hawss. Yasser, yo' don' see a hawss like dat eveh day." He patted the horse on his arching neck.

"It is a fine horse," said the judge.

The negro chuckled again in his peculiar fashion. "I tell yo', suh," he said, with an air of sudden confidence, "I wus jes' startin' out fo' ter walk 'ter Milwaukee. I's got er place wif er fam'ly dar—er fine fam'ly, en de place ain' hard. I got er letter hyeh sah, en dat letter'll tell yo' dat I'm all right. I reckon dat hawss is er Morgan, suh! He is sho'ly a fine hawss. W'en I seen dat hawss comin' along I says ter mahse'f: 'Yo' don' want ter go ter Milwaukee, Preston.'"

"Well?" said the judge.

"Yassir," said the man, "I jes' reckon dat I'd erbout as soon stay with yo' an' take care er dat hawss. I tuk er fancy ter him as soon as I seen him."

"I don't know whether I need a man," said the judge, doubtfully.

"Dat hawss needs me," said the negro. "Yo'll see de difference in him w'en I take care of him—en I kin wait table en clean en cook—dar ain' nawthin' I kain't do. Yo' tell me whar yo' live, suh, en' yo' kin take dis letter en fin' out erbout me."

"Very well," said the judge weakly, and told his address. When he returned home that evening Preston, in a spotless white jacket, opened the door for him. It may be added that the "Milwaukee family" gave a good account of the judge's new houseman and that he proved even better than the account.

"Preston," said the judge, a month later, "I'm not sorry, after all, that I hired you."

"Yo've got de bay ter thank fo' dat, 'udge," chuckled Preston.

Where Beer Steins Flourish

Some beer steins are made in this country, but they do not cut any figure in the trade. Germans, who are the principal buyers of steins, know an imported from a domestic article as a gardener knows his flowers. A man who has spent his youth in Germany, especially if he knows anything of the student life, can tell by merely glancing at a stein in what part of the fatherland it was manufactured.

The largest steins imported hold about eight pints of beer. In Germany they are used in beer halls patronized by university students at Heidelberg and elsewhere. In this country the Germans buy them for presents. The greatest compliment one German can pay another is to present him with one of these highly decorated steins, on which is implanted a familiar picture in colored clay of his boyhood home, the home of his ancestors, or some incident in German history.

Anywhere from $30 to $50 may be spent on a stein of this sort, and the manufacturers in Germany give such a wide variety of their native scenery that very few steins are made to order.

The smallest stein holds exactly one-eighth of a pint. These are seldom seen in barrooms or bathskellers, even for exhibition purposes. They are presented to children in families, just as the English and Americans present china and porcelain cups, with the name of the donee printed thereon in ornate colored letters. These small steins, like the large ones, generally record some incident in German literature, and sometimes cost almost as much as the big ones. Two dollars for a small stein of this description is a very moderate price to pay.

All imported steins are porcelain lined. The cheaper sort, such as are ordinarily kept on bars in ice packed tubs during the summer, cost about fifteen cents each. There is a heavy duty on them.

Poison of the Rattler

"There is a good deal more fright about the bite of a rattlesnake than there is actual danger," said a well-known physician. "I do not mean to say that the bite of a rattler isn't a very serious thing, but I do mean to say that this particular sort of snake is really not so ready or apt to 'get in his bite' as some others.

"In the first place there is the now generally credited fact that the rattler is the most honest of snakes. He doesn't 'pick a fight'; he doesn't lay in wait for any one. He won't run away, of course, for he's a plucky reptile, but he will curl up and give you a fair warning from those rattles of his before he attempts to strike. I remember once in the west finding a rattler just ahead of my horse's off fore feet. I had no weapon of any sort, so I rode on, passing within a few inches of the reptile. The snake was curled and ready for my horse in case the animal side-stepped, but as we did nothing of that sort we were allowed to pass in peace.

"Again, the truth is that the poison of the rattler does not easily get into the wound inflicted by the fangs in the average human being. For the average human being, nowadays, is clothed, and the holes in the fangs through which the poison comes are rather far up toward the roof of the mouth. Consequently, very often the point of the fangs may enter the skin, while the poison dribbles out harmlessly enough upon the trousers or the boot. It is then that the 'victim' gets scared, fills up on whisky—a bad thing in bona fide cases of rattlesnake bite—and believes himself marvelously cured when he wakes up next day."—Philadelphia Press.

Vestments Old as America

Folded away in a wooden cabinet in the little church of St. Edward the Martyr, in East 109th street, New York, is a set of church vestments that are probably the oldest and most valuable garments of the kind in America. They date from the sixteenth century. They were purchased in Rome by J. Pierpont Morgan from the descendants of the prince of the church who owned them originally. Mr. Morgan presented them to Elbridge T. Gerry, who in turn gave them to the rector of the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, the Rev. Edward Wallace-Neil.

The vestments consists of a chasuble, stole, silk burse and veil. They are made of the finest pale gray satin, elaborately embroidered in colors and trimmed with gold lace. The weight of the embroidery and lace makes them so cumbersome that they are rarely used and only in services of the most formal character. It is presumed from the style of the decoration that they were made in Belgium. They were made for a Roman cardinal who was a prince in his own right, for use in his private oratory, and they remained in the possession of his family until five years ago, when Mr. Morgan bought them at a private sale.

Old as these vestments are, and they are almost as old as the history of America, the lustre of the satin is still unfaded and the sheen of the heavy gold lace is only slightly dimmed. The embroidery in silver and gold thread is so brilliant as to take on the appearance of varying colors, an effect that is heightened by the countless flowers embroidered in pale tints that have lost only a little of their freshness.

The elderly man with the diamond horse-shoe scarfpin and the thick-soled brilliantly polished shoes, who was sitting near the door, rolled his unlighted cigar around in his mouth and turned to his companion.

"Yes," he said, "you might say that it was a gift. If a dog has got anything in him I can bring it out. I know just how to handle 'em. It makes me sick to think of the good dogs that are running loose around the town that ain't got a particle of ejercation—dogs with sense that only wants a little training to be a credit to the man that owns 'em. I can take a dog and make a gentleman of him. Now that dog out there——"

He opened the car door, admitting a rush of cold air that made the woman shiver who was hanging to the strap over his head, and gazed out on the rear platform where a bright, intelligent-looking collie was sitting, receiving the admiration of the platform passengers with an air of dignity mingled with satisfaction.

"Is he all right?" inquired the other man.

"He's all right," said the dog's owner, as the dog half rose and wagged his tail furiously. "Only," he added, with a severe eye on the dog, "he's taking up too much room there. Suppose you turn around and lie down there in that corner so'st there's room for somebody else on that platform besides you," he suggested, and the dog promptly turned around and crawled to the corner indicated, where he curled himself up in the smallest possible space.

"There," said the man, triumphantly, "all he wants is a hint." He leaned back in his seat, forgetting to close the door.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed one of the standing women, addressing the one who had shivered.

"Very," replied she, changing hands on her strap and sighing wearily. "It's a pity, though, that there aren't some capable dogs that would take a man and make a gentleman of him." She looked at the dog's owner as she spoke and he appeared uncomfortable.

Railroads of Early Days

"Did you ever hear of Cap. Jim McIntosh?" asked an old engineer on the N. Y. C., with whom the writer had been permitted to take a run. "Cap. Jim is still living, or was not long ago," continued the old man. "In Cap. Jim's day when he was running an engine out West, the business was a good deal like running a steamboat. Engines in those days were not numbered as now. They were named after somebody or something. Cap. Jim's engine was named the Chickasaw.

"It goes without saying that with all of the advancements made since then an engineer had to have more good horse sense than now, for now everything is put in his hands while in Cap. Jim's day the whole business was put on the engineer or nearly so. When the Superintendent sent him out about the only order he gave the engineer was, 'Do the best you know how.' I used to hear Cap. Jim tell about the times he had runs on the old H. & St. J., the Horrible & St. Jay road they used to call it. He said there was no inspirators to force water into the boiler; no glass gauges to tell where you were.

"The pumps were only operated while the engine was in motion, and if a long wait on a side track ran your water down you had to uncouple and run your engine up and down on the main line to fill your boiler. If you ran out of fuel between wooding stations the farmers would generously let you have a supply, to be repaid on the return trip. With a good hot fire in the box the flames would roar out of the stack. There weren't the precautions about sparks they use now.

"Farmers were friendly toward the railroad, and didn't light on it with a suit every time a little piece of meadow was burned. The greatest dread the engine driver had was the character of the track ahead of him. He never knew whether the last train over it had smashed it into the earth or not. When he came to one of the few places where he felt tolerably safe he would let her slide, and the little old engine would heave and pitch like a skiff in a squall. It was worse than a spell of seasickness till a man got used to it.

"The las time I saw Cap. Jim he told me that the old Chickasaw was still living. My boy has graduated in mechanics and he is an inventor, and all of that, but, smart as he is, I'll bet he couldn't run one of the old time engines to save his sheepskin. Between ourselves, I wouldn't like to try it—not now."

By the Ancient Mariner

There has been found, presumably in a garret, a hitherto unpublished manuscript by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It appears to have been the intention of the poet to write a second "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," showing how that famous old salt on an occasion subsequent to the one commemorated in immortal verse met another wedding guest, this time a lady. The poem was not written, but the marginal notes make its outline and plot as follows:

"1st. The Ancient Mariner meeteth another wedding guest, this time a fair ladye.

"2d. She is bedight for the nuptial feast, and, being a little late, is hurying to the church to witness the ceremony.

"3d. The Mariner holdeth her with his glittering eye and beginneth his gloomy tale.

"4th. She endeavoreth to break away, and offereth the aged man the price of a drink, which he accepteth but nevertheless continueth his tale of woe.

"5th. She explaineth that she hath a pressing engagement, but he still holdeth her with his glittering eye.

"6th. She heareth in her mind the strains of the Wedding March, and seeth in fancy the bride walk down the aisle, and is agonized by the thought that she will not be there.

"7th. But he still holdeth her with his glittering eye and she cannot choke him off.

"8th. But, at last, she maketh a great effort and giveth the Ancient Mariner such a tongue-thrashing that he cannot get in another word edgewise.

"9th. He trieth hard to get in the albatross story, but in vain. He realizeth that he is up against it.

"10th. Then, wagging his head dolefully, he turneth away, a sadder and a wiser man. And never from that day did he stop a Wedding Guest of the female variety."—William E. McKenna in New York Times.

The Decline of Babylon

Ancient Babylon was the alluvial land of the Euphrates and the Tigris region, about equal in size to the Italy of to-day, and was the granary of the ancient world, with a phenomenal wealth of vegetation and palm forests and olive orchards and vineyards. Canals dug in various directions served to store the waters and to irrigate the land, and at the same time were the avenues of commerce and trade. Indeed, the Babylon of the Biblical period was the Holland of antiquity.

Every king found his glory in the extension of the waterway system, and from the days of Hamurabi through many centuries the work of the ruler in this regard proved to be the greatest blessing to the country.

The whole country was practically one vast garden, northward from Babylon, between Hillel and Bagdad, according to the wonderful reports of Xenophon, Ammainus, Marcellinus and Zosmius, the last mentioned finding as late as the fifth Christian century vast vineyards and olive groves throughout the land. In the time of the early Arabian califs no fewer than 360 cities and villages are mentioned by name along these canals. Pliny declares this to have been "the most fruitful land in the east."

Now, on the other hand, it is a dreary desert, the playground of the storms and winds. In the southern portions there are still some remnants of the canals left, but the two famous rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, are no longer connected, and between Bagdad and Bassora a few English steamboats can scarcely force their way.